

THE Loyal Man's Letany:

Or a Prayer against

F A C T I O N,

This present time of

L E N T.

From a *Presbyters Zeal*, and the Faith of a *Scot*,
Who both by like Merit the Blessing have got
To Pray as devoutly as 'tother do's *Plot*.

Libera nos Domine.

From defending the Rights of Monarchical Power,
And then to Betray it the very same Hour,
To those whom they knew would have cropt it before

Libera, &c.

From taking up Arms for Religions Defence,
Which is always the cause, and a Traytours pretence,
Tho the curst design was to Ruine their Prince,

Libera, &c.

From Pawning of *Plate* to maintain the *Old Cause*,
From venturing our Neck to Infringe the known Laws
On purpose to gain a *Fanaticks* Applause.

Libera, &c.

From shedding the Blood of a Million and more,
From plundering the *Loyal* to increase their own *Store*
Then laying the fault at their *Soveraign's* Door.

Libera, &c.

From Enacting of Laws without Law or Reason,
And then by a Trick Vote a Writ of *Disseizin*
To turn him from Office, and *Behead* him for *Treason*.

Libera, &c.

From a long *Thirteen* Years of running astray,
To an Arbitrary Rule and a Popular Sway,
Worse than that of a *Nero* or *Caligula*.

Libera, &c.

From those who the Oath of *Allegiance* disclaim,
Pretending their Conscience wont suffer the same,
And therefore a *new* they begin their *Old Game*.

Libera, &c.

From him who would sham us with Plots in the Air,
And to make us believe him, devoutly does Swear
That Invisible Armies of *Pilgrims* appear.

Libera, &c.

From conferring of Titles on this Man and that,
And Swearing them in and out of the *Plot*,
Then Hang them because----he knew not for what.

Libera, &c.

From the rest that did damn themselves to Avow,
What ever their *Prodromos* said to be True,
Tho nor him, nor his Evidence ever they knew.

Libera &c.

From the *Gaol* and the *Pox*, and what ever Disease
Do justly attend such Wretches as these,
Who Rebellion promote, the Rabble to Please.

Libera &c.

From a *Patriot-Captain* that once dar'd to say
He'd show his *brisk Boys* an Excellent way,
Not how they might Conquer, but how run away.

Libera, &c.

From not following Advice, tho never so Evil,
But tarrying behind, to be foolishly Civil;
So be Hang'd by *Jack Ketch*, and sent to the *Devil*.

Libera, &c.

From a *Mimical Doctor* who Wrote their last *Speeches*
As far from their Sense as the Doctrine he Preaches;
But Gain is his Godliness, 'tis that that he Teaches.

Libera, &c.

From all those who deserve the same or worse Fate,
Who pretend to be Witty in shewing their Hate
Against Royal *James*, the Church or the State.

Libera nos Domine.